

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

MARCH, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE BRITISH MISTAKE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

When the franchise negotiations came to an *impasse*, the British Government announced (September 22) that their demands and scheme for a "final settlement of the issues created by the policy of the Republic"—a phrase which pointed to something more than the redress of grievances—would be presented to the Republic. These demands, however, were never presented at all. After an interval of seventeen days from the announcement just mentioned, the Transvaal declared war (October 9 and 11). The terms of their ultimatum were offensive and peremptory, such as no Government could have been expected to listen to. Apart, however, from the language of the ultimatum, a declaration of war must have been looked for. From the middle of July the British Government had been strengthening their garrison in South Africa, and the despatch of one body of troops after another had been proclaimed, with much emphasis, in the English newspapers. Early in October it was announced that the Reserves would be called out and a powerful force despatched. The Transvaal had, meantime, been also preparing for war, so that the sending of British troops might well, after the beginning of September, be justified as a necessary precaution, since the forces then in South Africa were inferior in number to those the Boers could muster. But when the

latter knew that an overwhelming force would soon confront them, and draw round a net of steel whence they could not escape, they resolved to seize the only advantage they possessed, the advantage of time, and to smite before their enemy was ready. It was, therefore, only in a technical or formal sense that they can be said to have begun the war; for a weak State, which sees its enemy approach with a power that will soon be irresistible, has only two alternatives,—to submit or to attack at once. In such a quarrel the responsibility does not necessarily rest with those who strike first. It rests with those whose action has made bloodshed inevitable.

A singular result of the course things took was that war broke out before any legitimate *casus belli* had arisen. Some one has observed that, whereas many wars have been waged to gain subjects, none was ever waged before to get rid of subjects by making it easier for them to pass under another allegiance. The franchise, however, did not constitute a legitimate cause of war; for the British Government always admitted they had no right to demand it. The real cause of war was the menacing language of Britain, coupled with her preparations for war. These led the Boers also to arm, and, as happened with the arming and counter-arming of Prussia and Austria in 1866, when each expected an attack from the other, war inevitably followed. To brandish the sword, before a cause for war has been

*From *Impressions of South Africa*. By James Bryce. Copyright, 1900, by The Century Company.

shown, not only impairs the prospect of a peaceful settlement, but may give the world ground for believing that the war is intended.

By making the concession of the franchise the aim of their efforts, and supporting it by demonstrations, which drove their antagonist to arms, the British Government placed themselves before the world in the position of having caused a war without ever formulating a *casus belli*, and thereby exposed their country to unfavorable comment from other nations. The British negotiators were, it may be said, placed in a dilemma by the distance which separated their army from South Africa, and which obliged them to move troops earlier than they need otherwise have done, even at the risk (which, however, they do not seem to have fully grasped) of precipitating war. But this difficulty might have been avoided in one of two ways. They might have pressed their suggestion for an extension of the franchise in an amicable way, without threats and without moving troops, and have thereby kept matters from coming to a crisis. Or, on the other hand, if they thought that the doggedness of the Transvaal would yield to nothing but threats, they might have formulated demands, not for the franchise, but for redress of grievances, demands, the refusal of which, or the evasion of which, would constitute a proper cause of war, and have, simultaneously with the presentation of these demands, sent to South Africa a force sufficient at least for the defence of their own territory. The course actually taken missed the advantages of either of these courses. It brought on war before the Colonies were in a due state of defence, and it failed to justify war by showing any cause for it, such as the usage of civilized States recognizes.

As Cavour said that any one can govern with a state of siege, so strong Powers, dealing with weak ones, are

prone to think that any kind of diplomacy will do. The British Government, confident in their strength, seem to have overlooked not only the need for taking up a sound legal position, but the importance of retaining the good will of the Colonial Dutch, and of preventing the Orange Free State from taking sides with the Transvaal. This was sure to happen if Britain was, or seemed to be, the aggressor. Now the British Government, by the attitude of menace they adopted while discussing the franchise question, which furnished no cause for war, by the importance they seemed to attach to the utterances of the body calling itself the Uitlander Council in Johannesburg (a body which was in the strongest opposition to the Transvaal authorities), as well as by other methods scarcely consistent with diplomatic usage, led both the Transvaal and the Free State to believe that they meant to press matters to extremities, and that much more than the franchise or the removal of certain grievances was involved; in fact, that the independence of the Republic was at stake.

They cannot have intended this, and indeed they expressly disclaimed designs on the independence of the Transvaal. Nevertheless, the Free State, when it saw negotiations stopped after September 22, and an overwhelming British force ordered to South Africa, while the proposals foreshadowed in the despatch of September 22 remained undisclosed, became convinced that Britain meant to crush the Transvaal. Being bound by treaty to support the Transvaal, if the latter was unjustly attacked, and holding the conduct of Britain, in refusing arbitration and resorting to force without a *casus belli*, to constitute an unjust attack, the Free State Volksraad and burghers, who had done their utmost to avert war, unhesitatingly threw in their lot with the sister Republic. The act was desperate, but it was chivalric. The Free State,

hitherto happy, prosperous, and peaceful, had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Few of her statesmen can have doubted that Britain must prevail and that their Republic would share the ruin which awaited the Transvaal Dutch. Nevertheless, honor and the sense of kinship prevailed. It is to be

hoped that the excited language, in which the passionate feelings of the Free State have found expression, will not prevent Englishmen from recognizing, in the conduct of this little community, a heroic quality which they would admire if they met it in the annals of ancient Greece.

AFTER THE GALE.*

Far below them, on the edge of a great boulder, which rose from the broken water and seemed to overhang it, stood the rescued sailor. He was pointing.

Taffy was the first to reach him.

"It's my brother! It's my brother Sam!"

Taffy flung himself full length on the rock and peered over. A tangle of ore-weed, a-wash, rose and fell about its base; and from under this, as the frothy waves drew back, he saw a man's ankle protruding, and a foot still wearing a shoe.

"It's my brother!" wailed the sailor, again. "I can swear to the shoe of 'en!"

One of the masons lowered himself into the pool, and, thrusting an arm beneath the ore-weed, began to grope.

"He's pinned here. The rock's right on top of him."

Taffy examined the rock. It weighed fifteen tons, if an ounce; but there were fresh scratches upon it. He pointed these out to the men, who looked and felt them with their hands, and stared at the subsiding waves, trying to bring their minds to the measure of the spent gale.

"Here, I must get out of this!" said

the man in the pool, as a small wave dashed in and sent its spray over his bowed shoulders.

"You ban't going to leave 'en," wailed the sailor. "You ban't going to leave my brother Sam."

He was a small, fussy man, with red whiskers, and even his sorrow gave him little dignity. The men were tender with him.

"Nothing to be done till the tide goes back."

"But you won't leave en? Say, you won't leave en? He've a wife and three children. He was a saved man, sir; a very religious man; not like me, sir. He was highly respected in the neighborhood of St. Austell. I shouldn't wonder if the newspapers had a word about en. . . ." The tears were running down his face.

"We must wait for the tide," said Taffy, gently, and tried to lead him away, but he would not go. So they left him to watch and wait while they returned to their work.

Before noon they recovered and fixed the broken wire cable. The iron cradle had disappeared, but to rig up a sling and carry out an endless line was no difficult job, and when this was done Taffy crossed over to the island rock and began to inspect damages. His working gear had suffered heavily. Two of his windlasses were disabled,

*From *The Ship of Stars*. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

scaffolding, platforms, hods, and loose planks had vanished; a few small tools only remained mixed together in a mash of puddled lime. But the masonry stood unhurt—all except a few feet of the upper course on the seaward side, where the gale, giving the cement no time to set, had shaken the dove-tailed stones in their sockets—a matter easily repaired.

Shortly before three a shout recalled them to the mainland. The tide was drawing toward low water, and three of the men set to work at once to open a channel and drain off the pool about the base of the big rock. While this was doing, half a dozen splashed in with iron bars and pickaxes; the rest rigged two stout ropes with tackle and hauled. The stone did not budge. For more than an hour they prized and levered and strained, and all the while the sailor ran to and fro, snatching up now a pick and now a crowbar, now lending a hand to haul, and again breaking off to lament aloud.

The tide turned, the winter dark came down, and at half-past four Taffy gave the word to desist. They had to hold back the sailor, or he would have jumped in and drowned beside his brother.

Taffy slept little that night, though he needed sleep. The salving of this body had become almost a personal dispute between the sea and him. The gale had shattered two of his windlasses; but two remained, and by one o'clock next day he had both slung over to the mainland and fixed beside the rock. The news, spreading inland, fetched two or three score onlookers before ebb of tide—miners, for the most part, whose help could be counted on. The men of the coastguard had left the wreck, to bear a hand if needed; and, happening to glance upward, while he directed his men, Taffy saw a carriage with two horses drawn up on the grassy edge of the cliff, a groom

at the horses' heads, and in the carriage a figure seated—silhouetted there high against the clear blue heaven.

He felt like a general on the eve of an engagement. By the almanac, the tide would not turn until 4.35. At four, perhaps, they could begin; and even at four the winter twilight would be on them, and he had taken pains to provide torches and distribute them among the crowd. His own men were making the most of daylight left, drilling holes for dear life in the upper surface of the boulder, fixing the Lewis-wedges and rings. They looked to him for every order, and he gave it in a clear, ringing voice, which he knew must carry to the cliff-top.

He felt sure in his own mind that the wedges and rings would hold; but, to make doubly sure, he gave orders to loop an extra chain under the jutting base of the boulder. The mason who fixed it, standing waist-high in water as the tide ebbed, called for a rope and hitched it to the ankle of the dead man. The dead man's brother jumped down beside him and grasped the slack of it.

At a signal from Taffy the crowd began to light their torches. He looked at his watch, at the tide, and gave the word to man the windlasses. Then, with a glance toward the cliff, he started the working chant—"Aye-ho! Aye-ho!" The two gangs—twenty men to each windlass—took it up with one voice, and to the deep intoned chant the chains tautened, shuddered for a moment and began to lift.

"Aye-ho!"

Silently, irresistibly, the chain drew the rock from its bed. To Taffy it seemed an endless time—to the crowd, but a few moments—before the brute mass swung clear. A few thrust their torches down toward the pit where the sailor knelt. Taffy did not look, but gave the word to pass down the coffin which had been brought in readiness. A clergyman—his father's successor,

but a stranger to him—climbed down after it; and he stood in the quiet crowd, watching the light-house above and the lamps which the groom had lit in Honoria's carriage, and listening to the bated voices of the few at their dreadful task below.

It was five o'clock and past when the word came up to lower the tackle and draw the coffin up. The Vicar clambered out to await it; and, when it came, borrowed a lantern and headed the bearers. The crowd fell in behind.

"I am the resurrection and the life. . ."

They began to shuffle forward and up the difficult track; but presently came to a halt with one accord, the Vicar ceasing in the middle of a sentence.

Out of the night, over the hidden sea, came the sound of men's voices lifted, thrilling the darkness thrice; the sound of three British cheers.

Whose were the voices? They never knew. A few had noticed, as twilight fell, a brig in the offing, standing in-shore as she tacked down channel. She, no doubt, as they worked in their circle of torchlight, had sailed in close before going about, her crew gathered forward, her master, perhaps, watching through his night-glass; had guessed the act, saluted it, and passed on her way, unknown, to her own destiny.

They strained their eyes. A man beside Taffy declared he could see something—the faint glow of a binnacle lamp as she stood away. Taffy could

see nothing. The voice ahead began to speak again. The Vicar, pausing now and again to make sure of his path, was reading from a page which he held close to his lantern.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.

"Thou shalt not see a fierce people, a people of deeper speech than thou canst perceive; of a stammering tongue that thou canst not understand.

"But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.

"For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us.

"Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail; there is the prey of a great spoil divided; the lame take the prey."

Here the Vicar turned back a page and his voice rang higher:

"Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment.

"And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

"And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken."

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.

EASTERN CRY.

What care I that the world goes wrong?

(The lotus blooms apace)

That England's weak, or Russia strong,—

That China sing her vast death-song?

Among the lotus herons trace

Their silhouettes of snowy grace.

Ah, lovely land!

Why tremble I at China's call?
 (The harvest moon is here)
 For though that mighty Empire fall
 'Tis but the common fate of all.
 Across the moon, above the mere,
 The wild-geese pass in angles clear.
 Ah, pensive land!

Why burn I for my country's sword?
 (Red maples by the lake)
 Why long to leap, and give the word,
 And force our blindness on the Lord?
 Beneath the maples crickets wake
 And chip the silence, flake on flake.
 Ah, mystic land!

Mary McNeill Fenollosa.

From Out of the Nest.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

The great first children journeyed through
 The countries, lonely then,
 With all their sheep and little ones,
 Their cattle and their men;

And kept themselves in tribes apart
 For awe of the great plains;
 And learned the length of days and nights,
 Of summers and of rains;

And saw no other men through all
 The blue horizons wide,
 Save their own kind who came to birth,
 And marched and sang and died;

And left the mark of pitched tents,
 Of footprints in the dew,
 And tracks of beaten, billowed grass
 Their flocks had pastured through;

And sometimes on a mountain-top
 They stood among their spears,
 And gazed across an unknown sea
 Into the unknown years;

And sometimes o'er a silent plain,
 And endless as the sky,

A child from lands unknown would come
And meet them eye to eye;

And they would gaze and love and speak
And rest awhile, and then
Each journeyed past with all his sheep,
His cattle, and his men.

From *An Ode to Girlhood and Other Poems.* *Alice Archer Sewall.*

AH, WORSHIPPED ONE!

Ah, worshipped one! ah, faithful Spring!
Again you come, again you bring
That flock of flowers from the fold
Where warm it slept, while we were cold.

What shall we say to one so dear,
Who keeps her promise every year?
Ah, hear me promise! and as true
As you to us, am I to you.

Ne'er shall you come and as a child
Sit in the market piping mild,
With dance suggestion in your glance,
And I not dance—and I not dance!

But you the same will always be,
While ninety Springs will alter me;
Yet surely as you come and play,
So surely will I dance, I say.

There is a strange thing to be seen
One distant April, pink and green:
Before a young child piping sweet,
An old child dancing with spent feet.

Gertrude Hall.

From *The Age of Fairy Gold.*

"IN SPEAKING OF THE LITTLE ONES WE LOVE."

In speaking of the little ones we love
Our souls grow warm and tender; *Young-of-Years*
So helpless seems, yet vallant, trusting all
It sees, and putting faith in the Unseen;

Recent American Verse.

Deeming the whole, cold-hearted outer world
A mother-embrace, a bosom for its sleep.

We men are little ones before high God:
In pain, in sickness, and in moods that yearn
For consolation, or when we intrust
Our pigmy bodies to their night-still beds,
The spirit feels its youth and feebleness
And turns like any weak, perplexèd child
Toward home—toward father, mother and the things
Indwelling, known of old, and longed for still,
Midst infinite barrenness and all unrest.

We men are little ones before high God;
The boasts of brain, the passions of the mind
Are nothing, set beside the one brief hour
Of faith re-born, calm dreams, and utter love.

Richard Burton.

From *Lyrics of Brotherhood.*

OUR MOTHER THE SEA.

Long ropes of pearls the Mother Sea flings down
To the winged emerald daughters of her heart,
Who run in laughter and in laughter part
Upon the beach, though clouds to westward frown;
Low thunders from the sunset sudden frown;
The light sea laughter, and the wavelets dart
Back to the Mother breast, again to start,
And weave the pearl ropes in a glittering crown.

White foam, green waves, such virtue in you lies
That, as you move, new essence is unrolled
To him who, like the palm 'neath sunsick sky,
For silver coolness and sweet grayness sighs,—
O strong, great Mother, made to God's own mould!
Who does not long to kiss thee ere he die?

Maurice Francis Egan.

Lippincott's Magazine.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Anthony Hope's story, "Captain Dleppe," which is now in course of serial publication, will be issued in book form in the spring from the press of the Doubleday & McClure Company.

The latest volume of the seemingly-interminable "Dictionary of National Biography" extends from Whichcord to Williams; and it is announced that two more volumes will complete the work.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, the clever essayist, has a sister, Miss Olive Birrell, who has recently written a long novel dealing with London social problems. It remains to be seen whether she can "birrell" as agreeably as her brother.

A London literary journal gravely announces that Mr. Crockett is at work upon a new novel. But probably this is not more than one-half or one-third of the truth. It is safe to conjecture that he is at work upon two or three.

Mr. Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island," has been, for some years, one of the brightest leader-writers on the staff of the London Daily News; but he has left journalism to devote himself to more enduring literary work.

A writer in the London Daily News directs attention to the fact that nearly all the light-verse makers of the day are men of high scholarly attainments. Calverley, Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, Owen Seaman and Andrew Lang are instances in point.

The "Life of Archbishop Benson," just published, contains nearly fifteen

hundred pages. It never seems to occur to the authors of such voluminous biographies that, other things being equal, the number of readers secured for them is in an inverse ratio to the number of pages.

The publication of Tolstol's "Resurrection" has been resumed; and the hope is expressed that its publication will now be continuous. But those who cherish this expectation do not reckon with the nervous vagaries of the author, and his disposition endlessly to reconsider and reconstruct.

One of the newest books relating to South Africa is Mrs. Roy Devereux's "Side Lights on South Africa," which the Scribners publish. The author is fresh from visits to places in Cape Colony, the Free State, and the Transvaal, and from interviews with Sir Alfred Milner, Cecil Rhodes, "Oom" Paul, and President Steyn.

Moir O'Neill, whose delightful poems have been greatly appreciated by the readers of this magazine, is an Irish lady, married to an Englishman, who has a large ranch in Canada. She is about to publish a volume of "Songs of the Glens of Antrim." Some readers of *The Living Age* may recall her account of "A Lady's Life on a Ranche," reprinted in *The Living Age* for February 5, 1898, from *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A curious work is announced by Smith, Elder & Co. It is entitled "Unwritten Laws and Ideals of Active Careers," and the announcement indicates that it is a clever series of interviews with distinguished people, in which

they are beguiled into confiding to the public the aims which have governed their conduct and the methods by which they have sought to achieve them. There is room in such a volume for much autobiographical naïveté.

A book peculiarly aimed at woman-kind in general, and setting forth in enthusiastic detail the ideal mission to which women are called, is "True Motherhood," by James C. Fernald. It is pleasing in its earnestness and in the clearness of its intentions, and it offers many thoughts that are of an encouraging and inspiring nature. The Funk & Wagnalls Co. publishes it.

The interest awakened in George Borrow by his recently published biography, and by numerous magazine and review articles based upon it, will ensure a welcome for a complete and authoritative edition of George Borrow's works, which Mr. John Murray announces for early publication. The same publisher announces a new series, the fourth, of Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary," covering the years 1886-1888.

An interesting addition to psychological literature is made in "The Divine Pedigree of Man," by Thomson Jay Hudson, LL.D., which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. It is an attempt to prove the fatherhood of God from the "scientific" standpoint; to show that the facts of evolution are capable of only a theistic interpretation, and to support the teachings of the Christian faith with very little reliance upon quotations from actual Scripture itself. The book is admirably clear, earnest and reverent.

A searching *exposé* of the havoc wrought by ignorant practitioners of the "Christian Science" school is William A. Purrington's "Christian Sci-

ence: A Plea for Children and Other Helpless Sick," which E. B. Treat & Co. publish. The legal side of the question is fully discussed, extreme care is taken to furnish verifications, to be exact in details, and to give page references for every quotation taken from Mrs. Eddy's writings. While the book is effective as a collection of arguments from facts, it also contains other forcible comments based upon logic and reason.

A wise and skilful blending of history with literature is the characteristic of the "Study of English Thought and Expression," which Silver, Burdett & Co. publish under the title: "The Foundations of English Literature." The author, Fred Lewis Pattee, of the Pennsylvania State College, has sympathetically considered the likings as well as the needs of college and high school students, and his book, while using the best text-book methods, is more readable, consecutive, and entertaining than many of its class. The period covered is that from the Roman domination through the "age of Milton."

The diary of a Rhode Island rector, written in the reign of King George the Second, and now printed from the original manuscript, with all the quaintnesses of the first writing carefully preserved and displayed to the best advantage, should prove of particular interest to antiquarians at least. But "The MacSparran Diary," edited by the Rev. Daniel Goodwin, and published by D. B. Updike at the Merry-mount Press, Boston, throws such a shrewd and often so unconsciously droll a light upon old-time customs and manners that it is a distinctly entertaining volume for the casual reader as well as the student of history. With its abundance of valuable notes and its reproductions of the Smbert por-

traits of the rector and "his spouse," this ancient "letter-book" merits a cordial welcome.

A publisher's reader, in an interview published in Mr. Unwin's "Chap-Book," defines the true aim of publishers' readers thus:

The publisher's reader's aim should be to let nothing that he holds is good go unpublished. The expenses of delicate and original work, especially of the work of beginners, should be paid out of the sales of the popular and successful works.

That certainly is a very amiable principle; but it is open to doubt whether publishers would agree that it is their duty to use the profits upon successful books in defraying the cost of publishing books that cannot reasonably be expected to succeed. A publisher's reader, holding the views above quoted, would be more likely to be a *persona grata* to writers than to publishers.

A well-considered little volume, full of interest to lovers of poetry as well as to the lovers of art for whom it is especially designed, is "Moments with Art," which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. The compiler, "J. E. P. D.," has made a really fine selection of the most expressive and the most thoughtful bits of verse that bear upon artistic subjects, and a sound appreciation of what is rare and strong in very recent verse distinguishes the book. Browning, Wordsworth, Dobson, Lang, Watson, Gilder, and scores of other poets qualified to speak with a certain measure of authority, are represented in this dainty book.

American readers who want the most impartial and authoritative presentation of the history of South Africa, as a basis for their own judgment upon the existing situation, will appreciate the service which The Century Company

has rendered in bringing out a new edition of Mr. James Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," with a new prefatory chapter, summarizing the events which led immediately up to the war. Readers of Mr. Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" do not need to be told how careful he is as an observer, how luminous and forceful as a writer, or how impartial as a critic. All these qualities are exhibited in the present volume. Maps and complete copies of the two conventions of 1881 and 1884 enhance the value of the book. We print elsewhere, by permission, an extract from the prefatory chapter upon the causes of the war.

From Mr. Augustine Birrell's address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on the question "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?" it would appear that if it is possible, it is at least so difficult that few are likely to achieve it. There is needed, first, a strong understanding; second, some knowledge, the result of study and comparison; and third, a delicate sentiment. People who have some measure of these gifts, and are able besides to avoid prejudice—political prejudice, social prejudice, religious prejudice, religious prejudice, the prejudices of the places where they could not help being born, the prejudices of the University whither chance had sent them, all the prejudices that came to them by way of inheritance, and all the prejudices that came to them on their own account,—if they could give all these the slip, then, with luck, they might be right nine times out of ten in their judgment of a dead author, and ought not to be wrong, perhaps, more frequently than three times out of seven in the case of a living author. It would seem from this that the first step to pronouncing a judgment upon a book is to make a rather thorough cross-examination of one's self.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Alps to the Andes, From the.** By Matthias Zurbrigen. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Art, Moments with.** Compiled by "J. E. P. D." A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Backwater of Life, The.** By James Payn. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Chatterton: a Biography.** By David Masson. Hodder & Stoughton.
- Clerical Life in Ireland, Real Pictures of.** By J. Duncan Craig, D. D. Elliot Stock.
- Climbs of Norman Neruda, The.** By May Norman Neruda. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Darwin and Darwinism.** By P. Y. Alexander. Bale, Sons & Danielson.
- Eton College, History of.** By Lionel Cust. Duckworth & Co.
- Faraday and Schoenbein, The Letters of.** Edited by George W. A. Kahlbaum and Francis V. Darbishire. Williams & Norgate.
- Folly and Fresh Air.** By Eden Phillpotts. Hurst & Blackett.
- Impressions of South Africa.** By James Bryce. The Century Co.
- Kings of Kashmire: a translation of the Sankrita Works of Jonaraja, Shivaraja, and of Prajyabhata and Shuka.** By Jogesh Chunder Dutt. Published by the Author.
- Kipling Primer, A.** By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Chatto & Windus.
- Literature, English, The Foundations of.** By Fred Lewis Pattee. Silver, Burdett & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Loaves and Fishes.** By Bessie Reynolds. Elliot Stock.
- London Souvenirs.** By C. W. Heckerthorn. Chatto & Windus.
- MacSparran Diary, The.** Edited by the Rev. Daniel Goodwin. D. B. Updike. Boston.
- Madame de Longueville, The Life of.** By Mrs. Alfred Cock. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Mansions and Highways, Historic, around Boston.** By Samuel Adams Drake. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$2.50.
- Memories.** By C. Kegan Paul. Kegan Paul.
- Motherhood, True.** By James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
- Old Convict Days.** By Louis Becke. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Outside the Radius.** W. Pett Ridge. Hodder & Stoughton.
- Painters, French, of the Eighteenth Century.** By Lady Dilke. George Bell & Sons.
- Pedigree of Man, Divine, The.** By Thomson Jay Hudson, L.L.D. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Poems.** By G. F. Bodley. George Bell & Sons.
- Science, Christian. An Exposition. A Plea for Children and Other Helpless Sick.** By William A. Purrington. E. B. Treat & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Shropshire, Nooks and Corners of.** By H. Thornhill Timmins. Elliot Stock.
- Sport and Life, Fifteen Years of.** By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. Horace Cox.
- Sturt, Charles, The Life of.** By Mrs. Napier George Sturt. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Talks, A Year's Prayer-meeting.** By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.00.
- Two Renwicks, The.** By Marie Agnes Davidson. F. Tennyson Neely.
- Wild Animals in the Zoo, Life Among.** Edited by A. D. Bartlett. Chapman & Hall.
- Wimborne Minster and Christchurch Priory.** By the Rev. Thomas Perkins. George Bell & Sons.

